

The American Citizen.

Published by JOHN F. BOSWORTH.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI.

Saturday Morning, October 5, 1861.

The Union of the South for the sake of the South.

THE ELECTIONS FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

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Correspondence of the Citizen.

Mr. Editor: It will perhaps be interesting to your readers to learn something of the movements of our troops at Manassas Hill. I had the pleasure of visiting this part of our army on the 22d—found the picket lines within four hundred yards of each other, between which a continual firing is kept up during the day and a portion of the night. I proceeded about 11 o'clock, in company with Dr. E. C. Gallaher and several South Carolinians, to the left wing of our picket line—the turnpike dividing it into a right and left wing—where we were informed that the Yankees had been firing upon our pickets with their long range guns, at a distance too great to be reached with our muskets. The Yankees, which, had taken them in advantage of it, and tantalized them in every way imaginable. They would come out from behind their breastworks and wave their hats and halloo, "How do the rebels like Fort Hatteras?" Our men were screened from their bullets by breastworks, around which their balls fell continually. Our patriotic Mississippian, Dr. Gallaher, very coolly loading his Sharpe's rifle, took deliberate aim at one of the scoundrels, and, judging from their actions, his ball must have fallen within their lines. He made a second shot without effect. At this the Yankees fired at him, one of their balls striking the fence behind which he stood, which only saved his life. After firing at him several times without effect, one of them waved his hat and shouted, "You coward, why don't you come out from behind the fence?" This roused the Southern blood, and our gallant Mississippian very coolly stepped out upon the pike, in full view, and dared the enemy to face him, when the bullets fell thick around him; but none of the cowardly wretches dared to face him. Our friend, after proving his own courage and their cowardice, returned to his former position. Watching his opportunity, he fired at one of the enemy as he passed quickly from one breastwork to another; his shot took effect, we thought at first in the leg, but it proved to be in a more vital part, as it caused almost instant death. The Yankees instantly raised a white flag and a messenger started for our lines. He was met by two of our officers, to whom he stated that he wished to make an agreement by which the firing on each other by the pickets should be discontinued. He said that although the man who had just killed one of their pickets was evidently a brave man, yet he did not consider that a brave and manly way of fighting, and his side were anxious that it should cease. He was sent back with little consolation.

We sincerely hope that the Doctor will remain on our picket line, and continue to be successful in picking off the Yankees. We are glad to say for him that in our opinion the bravery and patriotism he inherited from Southern parents will be maintained on every occasion.

THE SPY.

Letter from the Madison Rifles.

Fort McRee, Sept. 27, '61.

FRIEND BOSWORTH:—In the Commonwealth of the 20th, we have seen a communication over the signature of "Tin Cup." You are aware that we are all acquainted with the article from which this gentleman has taken his name, and I may add, that the writer of this grumbling letter is known to most of our company, and we hope that his youth and inexperience as a soldier (as he is a new recruit), will plead his excuse, with the fair daughters of Madison. We have all seen a sample of the goods which are being made for us, and are happy at the comfort it will give us, whilst standing guard upon the cold and barren beach, and think it is just the kind of clothing we need.

"Tin Cup" seems to regret very much that he has not had an opportunity to get killed, and, consequently, is uneasy, for fear he will be forgotten.

I am not very anxious for such an opportunity, but "Tin Cup" is, and he can take my chance if he wishes it. I have often heard it said that those who seemed the most anxious to fight, were, in reality, the least anxious, but this is not so with the valorous "Tin Cup," as I am confident he wants to fight, and if Gen. Bragg does not open fire upon Pickens soon, he will have to send him somewhere where he can have a chance to get killed. "Tin Cup" seems to be of a grumbling nature, and were he to get to Heaven, doubtless he would grumble because he did not get there first, and should you not hear of him again, oh! don't forget him, but when—

The little note has ceased to ring—the bloody fight is over.

And McRee is covered with the slain, its walls are dyed with gore.

Then around through the burning sand the friends of valorade.

To kiss the consecrated spot, where "Tin Cup" just was laid.

THE HIGHEST CHARITY IS TO PAY LIBERALLY FOR ALL THINGS HAD OR DONE FOR YOU; BECAUSE TO UNDERPAY WORKMEN, AND THEN BE BOUNDED, IS NOT CHARITY. ON THE OTHER HAND, TO GIVE, WHEN BY SO DOING YOU SUPPORT IDLENESS, IS MOST PERVERSE.

YANKEISM STICKS OUT WHEREVER THERE IS A CHANCE. A firm at Washington has a contract for burying the dead from hospitals and camps—88 a head. Another firm is underbidding, proposing to do it for 86. Another party offers to contract for shrouds at a low figure.

Extraordinary Escape from the hands of the Hessians.

Adjutant Geo. W. Alexander at the Powhatan Hotel, where he arrived yesterday from Gen. Johnston's headquarters. His escape and subsequent adventures are equal to a Trench romance.

After Colonel Thomas and Alexander had captured the "St. Nicholas," they started upon another secret expedition, and by one of those unaccountable accidents the Colonel was captured. Alexander was at this time in charge of a schooner, steering boldly up the Chesapeake. The weather came on so squally and very bad, and seeing suspicious movements among some steamer, he concealed his men in the hold of the vessel, placed his brother-in-law at the helm, and he himself on deck disguised as an oysterman, he ran into Annapolis and anchored under Fort Severn. At daylight got under way and steamed to Chester river. Here a terrific gale threw his little craft high upon Eastern Neck Island. He then, in disguise, boarded the steamer "Arrow," got the papers and saw the account of the Colonel's arrest; then placed the main body of his men under the charge of Lieutenant Blackston, with orders to him to make the best of his way to Virginia, across the Bay and through Calvert county; which Blackston succeeded nobly in doing. Alexander then, with his brother-in-law and two men, started for Accomac, down the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Everything went on swimmingly until his arrival at Cambridge, where, one of the party being recognized by Judge Spencer, and he being a relative, Monteith like, proved a traitor and informed on them. In a short time Governor Hicks ordered out the Dorchester Guards; the hotel was surrounded, and they were taken in, custody, dragged to the common jail, placed in a room, and kept until morning. Then, closely guarded, they were conveyed to the steamer. On the wharf an immense throng surrounded Governor Hicks, and shouted loudly for the *habeas corpus*. Alexander demanded of Governor Hicks to be treated as a gentleman. The Governor replied, "You are in the hands of the military." "I am glad to hear it," said Alexander, "for I thought I was in your hands."

Here the crowd attempted a rescue; but, overpowered by numbers, Alexander was borne on board the steamer and conveyed to Fort McHenry. His wife, who was in Virginia at the time, immediately saw President Davis, who kindly assured her that everything possible should be done to save him. She then went to Maryland, procured a pass to visit her husband, and at once commenced the invention of plans for his escape. She procured a Federal soldier's uniform, a clothes line, and an inflating life-preserving waistcoat. These she smuggled to his cell beneath her garments. During the arrangement she purchased plants and made for her husband a little garden at his cell window, thus disarming all suspicion that any escape was meditated.

Sixteen days ago, everything being in readiness, just after dark, Alexander donned his disguise, and while Col. Zerkova (Thomas) engaged the attention of the sentinels, he slipped by the gate of the ramparts, sprang over the mortar battery, and passed from the corin into the ditch. The fall being great, he discovered, on rising, that he was crippled. Nothing daunted, he crawled through the abatis, over the glacis, into the river, inflated his waistcoat, and made a bold stroke for freedom.

After being in the water a long time, he landed and crawled three-fourths of a mile to a house. There he found some friendly disposed people; two Catholic girls washed him and dressed him, put a "scalpular" round his neck for protection, placed him in the bottom of a carriage, and themselves concealing him with their garments, drove to a friend's house, where he was taken care of.

The next day a man-of-war was hauled into the river, and fired guns for a long time to raise Alexander's body, supposing he must have drowned. After this friends of the cause in Maryland conveyed him from place to place by night for concealment, until at last he was carried to the shore of the Potomac. Here, by the merest accident, he fell in with Lieut. Danott, who had escaped from Washington, and George Bear, a young man who was making his way to Portsmouth, Va. Alexander purchased a boat. Danott and Bear carried him on their shoulders a mile. Bear tore off his coat-skirts and muffled the oars, and although the guard vessel was within 150 yards, they quietly pushed off and succeeded in reaching the Virginia shore in safety. A man, taking the boat for remuneration, carried them in his conveyance to Gen. Johnston's pickets.

Alexander speaks very feelingly of his friend, Lieut. Danott, who, while bearing him on his back, at every alarm turned to face the danger, thus showing the devotion of one soldier to another.

Yankeeism sticks out wherever there is a chance. A firm at Washington has a contract for burying the dead from hospitals and camps—88 a head. Another firm is underbidding, proposing to do it for 86. Another party offers to contract for shrouds at a low figure.

THE FEDERAL PRISONERS.

At 8 o'clock yesterday morning, a stream of humanity began pouring its way toward the Jackson Railroad Depot. Occasional, like the joining of rivulets to the main river, merged into and swelled the current at every corner, until, by half-past 10 o'clock there was a sea of people around the depot, in carriages, cabs, on horseback, and foot, numbering, probably fifty thousand, all told, anxiously awaiting to get a peep at a live prisoner. Of this number it is fair to say one-fourth were of the softer sex—though we don't know but the whole crowd was "soft" in evincing so much concern about the Hessians.

The soldiers present consisted of three companies of Orleans Guards, the Orleans Light Guards (a cavalry corps), the Continentals, the Jackson Railroad Rifles, and the Louisiana State Guards. Of these the Jackson Railroad Rifles, Continentals, and Louisiana State Guards were detached as an escort for the guard which came with the prisoners; the Rockingham Guards, (which is Company F, of the 20th Virginia Volunteers), and the Quitman Rifles, Capt. Barfield, from Jackson, Miss., and twenty regulars from Virginia under W. B. Ochiltree. The guard for the prisoners consisted of the three companies of Orleans Light Guards.

While waiting for the arrival of the cars, the balconies, verandas, galleries and house-tops of the surrounding buildings were crowded with people. This was particularly the case with regard to the gallery and stairs in front of the depot. A large number of ladies and some few gentlemen were upon this eagerly watching the horsemen as they would occasionally ride over and half kill three or four people at a time, when a well meaning but indiscreet gentleman on the dikes side of the street drew their attention and cried out "that gallery is falling!" A general and blind rush was made for the doors leading into the building. Consequently, seventeen bonnets got badly mashed.

An individual standing on the roof of a piazza, near which the telegraph wire was stretched, having too much curiosity to witness and see if he could be shocked. In doing so he lost his balance and was shocked—to find himself hanging by both hands to the wire, with twenty-two feet of nothing between the tips of his toes and mother earth. The great crowd who witnessed this tight wire performance—knowing it was not in the bills—looked with horror upon the scene. The unwilling performer, with admirable presence of mind, worked himself along with his hands for some distance, till he reached a post upon which the wire was hung. Here he slid to the ground, and the audience seemed so horror stricken with contemplating his past peril, that they grew unappreciative and would not applaud when he was rescued for him that he didn't weigh more than 100 pounds, or that the wire was well put up. In order to have a clear way to the soldiers and prisoners, the entire street in front of the depot, and for a block on each side of it, was kept free from intrusion. To effect this, sentinels were stationed every twenty steps just as the smoke of the coming locomotive rose above the trees in the distance, and the cry was heard, "Here they come!" a fugitive and aged sow broke through the ranks and struck a lively spot in the direction of the train. It looked odd, and the shouts and yells which were directed to the enervated manly pucker as he passed through the lines of bayonets were terrific.

A prairie-mud colored wench, dressed almost to death, with muslins and flourishes all the way to her shoulders, was standing a little too much over the jibe, on the cleared space marked for the soldiers to pass over, when a galloping trooper dashed up toward her. The fancy rider stepped back suddenly, and struck her heels against a pile of lumber which had been placed there. Unfortunately there was a ditch just back of that, in which was mud and water to the depth of just about three feet. Her heels took the place where her head had been with exquisite clarity. The head struck the center of the ditch with remarkable precision, and there she stuck fast. A crowd rushed up and pulled her out. The goodness of the accident precluded preparation, and the darkey came up with both eyes and a mouth full of mud. The crowd smiled.

At length the train arrived, and with it the long looked for prisoners of war. The soldiers were drawn up on each side of the train. Provost Marshal Palfrey and his aids moved about from place to place, fixing something here and unfixing something there. The guard of the prisoners got out and ranged themselves along the cars; and at the proper time, the prisoners were ordered out.

There were 243 of them, care-worn and weary-looking mortals, having traveled eight days with little or no sleep. They wore, of course, their dirty, soiled, and in many instances, their ragged uniforms. Some of the men were a hard looking set, indeed, whilst others, particularly the Sixty-Nineths, seemed to be first rate material for stopping bullets. Although their reception was the grandest, in point of numbers, ever given to man, in New Orleans, they appeared to view all around them with little or no interest. They were pointed by the Provost Marshal and faced into line by Lieut. Ochiltree. The soldiers marched them in their files, and the command to march was given.

The manner in which the vast multitude left in search of the proper street corners to intercept and see the escort again, beggars all description, and the reporter isn't fool enough to attempt it. The line of march was up Calhoun to Camp, down Camp to Julia, down Julia to St. Charles, down St. Charles to Canal, down Canal to Rampart, down Rampart to St. Peter, to the Parish Prison.

INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE.

The streets, windows and the galleries were crowded with people, and the thoroughfares literally bristled with carriages and other vehicles, containing anxious searchers into the ranks to get sight of a real live Federalist.

In passing through Julia street, a small

Confederate flag was suspended from one of the balconies of a dwelling, and upon the balcony were several ladies. When opposite the flag, a considerable number of the prisoners raised their hands to their caps. Whether this was done because they wanted to salute the flag, or as a token of respect to the ladies, or because of something else, is doubtless alone known to the prisoners themselves.

Upon only one occasion was any indignity offered them that we can hear of, and that was, when some rather wild boys on St. Charles street jeered at them. It was but a trivial affair, however, and was quickly stopped.

AT THE PARISH PRISON.

Thanks to the courtesy of Lieut. Semmes and the officers of the regulars, who had a detachment there to keep the large crowd away, and to the officers of the prison, this reporter got admission—saw the prisoners enter—and had an opportunity to converse with them. Wanted to see a "pet lamb," and offered one of the soldiers a clean shirt if he would point out in his crowd a pet lamb of the Ellsworth kind. The man was a Sixty-ninth, and replied, "we're all as gentle as lambs, sir, but devil the lamb of Ellsworth's will be found here; we would have died with them."

The largest number are of the Ohio Sixty-ninth; the next largest regiment represented is the famous Sixty-sixth; then follow the New York Chasseurs, the Second New York, the Brooklyn Fourteenth, (the chaps with the red pants), and the Eleventh Maine; nearly every State north and east is represented in the remainder. There are three commissioned officers—Capt. Melvins of the Sixty-ninth, Lieut. Hutchinson of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, and Lieut. Welch of the Second Minnesota. After a free use of soap and water, and combs, the prisoners seemed, generally, more cheerful, and were disposed to be communicative. In conversation with one of them, we inquired, in good nature, that nothing would suit them better now than a change of prisoners between the two Governments. "He is an Irishman, and shows his nativity in his answer—

"Is it a change of prisoners ye want? Bedad, it's a change of clothes I'd prefer now, jist, to any other change in the world."

Another one of them, who seemed to be sick, was sent to the hospital department. We followed him, and saw him get to bed, and knowing his helpless and unprotected condition, pitched in and tried to talk him to death. In speaking about the Sixteenth Regiment he said they never dreamed of having any fighting to do; it was the general impression that the national difficulties would be settled by compromise before the expiration of their term of enlistment—three months. Kept on talking to him, till his pulse ran up to 140; grew magnanimous and quit. Could have killed him, though, in ten minutes more.

They assert that they have been kindly treated, and have been insulted but once on their way here, but that the parties who insulted them were drunk when they did so.

Latest from Lincoln.

We find the following intelligence from Lincoln, in the latest exchanges received:

Troops Around Baltimore.—A gentleman who left Baltimore on the 21st ult., and has arrived in Richmond, reports that the number of troops around Baltimore does not exceed seven to eight thousand. They are stationed part at Fort McHenry, part at Federal Hill, part at Canton, and part at the Relay, and some at Franklin Square. The troops who come through from the North are in squads of twenty to thirty, for the purpose of filling up companies, &c. The whole number per week is not more than a few hundred.

Mutiny.—We learn from the Richmond Enquirer that a gentleman who escaped from Alexander on the 10th ult. reports:

The crew of the Pensacola, which vessel was then at the Washington Navy Yard, had been ordered down to garrison Fort Ellsworth till their vessel should be ready for them. To this the crew, four hundred in number, made great opposition, and for some time they refused compliance. They were shut up in the depot of the New York Steamship Company, at Alexandria, but numbers climbed the enclosure and made their escape.

The guard hunted them through the streets, and a number of shots were fired at such as refused to halt when challenged. The next day their removal to Fort Ellsworth was, however, effected.

Sandwich Island Affair.—A dispatch dated Washington, September 20, says:

A company of infantry has been tendered to the Government from the Hawaiian Islands, and accepted. It consists of American emigrants and native Hawaiians. The company is expected to come as soon as the news of their acceptance reaches the island.

The Orleans Prince.—A dispatch dated Washington, Sept. 20, says:

The Prince De Joinville and his son and nephews are receiving unofficial but hospitable attentions from the President and Secretary of State.

Another dispatch, dated Washington, Sept. 21st, says:

The military success of the Count of Paris and the Duc De Chartres. They will probably enter Gen. McClellan's staff. The young Count Penthièvre, son of the Prince De Joinville, enters the United States Naval Academy. He is sixteen years old.

Firing on Pickets Prohibited.—A dispatch dated Washington, September 20, says:

A recent order of Gen. McClellan declares firing on an enemy's pickets as contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, and he therefore orders that there shall be no firing on their pickets, unless it becomes necessary to resist their advance, or return a fire commenced by them.

Spain and the United States.—A dispatch dated Washington, September 20, says:

The position assumed towards this country by the Spanish Government is not satisfactory. The diplomatic correspondence is now in progress between the State Department and the Spanish Minister.

Another arrest for Treason.—A dispatch dated New York, September 21, says:

This morning John Bestman, a citizen of Portland Me., was brought here in custody of the Deputy Marshal of that district. He is charged with high treason, with using seditious language against the United States and the President; also with treasonable complicity with the Southern rebels and their agents from Liverpool and other parts of Europe. It is said that letters and papers were found in the baggage and on the person of the accused justifying the vigorous measures adopted. He was sent to Fort Lafayette.

Gen. Fremont.—A dispatch dated Washington, Sept. 21st, says:

There is yet no definite action in regard to Maj. Gen. Fremont's administration of affairs in Missouri, the question involved being of a delicate and complicated character. The indications are, however, that if he shall not be superseded in his command, which now seems probable, other arrangements of an important bearing will be made, having in view the public welfare. Nothing beyond what is here stated can be reliably ascertained, for the reason alluded to.

Drafting in Iowa.—A dispatch from Chicago announces that drafting for the Federal army was to begin in Iowa on the 23d ult., orders to that effect were issued on the 21st.

The St. Louis Evening News Suppressed.—The Proprietor Arrested.—A dispatch dated St. Louis, Sept. 23, says:

Charles G. Ramsey, proprietor of the Evening News, was arrested this afternoon by order of the Provost Marshal. He was taken to headquarters for examination. His office was publishing an editorial article to-day, entitled "Fall of Lexington," reflecting, in bitter terms, upon the conduct of the campaign and military authorities in the Department of the West. His paper was suppressed; all manuscripts in the office were seized, and the building is now in possession of the Provost Guard. The name of the author was divulged, and it is thought that the publication of the paper will be allowed to continue.

From California.—A dispatch announces the arrival of the steamship North Star at New York on the 23d ult., from Aspinwall, with \$150,000 in gold from California.

Latest from Washington.—A dispatch to the N. Y. Herald, dated Washington, Sept. 23d, says:

The following have been appointed Generals of volunteers: John B. Todd, of Dacotah, late captain of the 6th infantry, and G. M. Van Vleet assigned to duty as Chief Quartermaster of the Department of the Potomac; also Majors Bannock, John Newton and Winfield Shannock.

Gen. McClellan reviewed McDowell's brigade to-day. He was received everywhere with enthusiasm.

All orders have been issued forbidding any civilians, officers or privates not on duty, from visiting the outposts of the army.

The War Department has organized the raising of a cavalry company in Oregon.

Ross Winans, of Baltimore, has been released from imprisonment. He will immediately return from Fort Monroe to his home in Baltimore. It is understood that he has taken the oath of allegiance.

Washington reports assert that the rebel army are manufacturing by the contract jobbers and their agents in this city, in order to further their own purposes.

The Poor Old Lady at Manassas.

One of the correspondents of the Delta gives the following account of the poor old lady who was killed in her home amid the strife of the contending armies at Manassas:

There, near the spot where the last desperate struggle was made, is the house of Mrs. Henry, the central point in the field of the combat. We participated in the natural curiosity of all who visited the spot. It was the scene of one of the most interesting incidents of the battle, which is doubtless familiar to all your readers. Here had lived for a half century an old woman who had been long crippled by age, and was now bedridden; she was attended by a son and daughter, both quite old and infirm. Remaining quietly in this house, in the midst of the conflict around them, the red wave of the battle at last swept around the house, where, under its cover, the guns were loaded and then ran out to be fired at our troops, formed at a distance of two or three hundred yards in front. Some kindly person notified the son of the danger of remaining in the house, and made a vain effort to induce his mother to consent to a removal into an adjacent house; but she declined, saying that it was time enough for her to die. The son and daughter, therefore, left her, and placed themselves in a safe place. The batteries then opened with great fury upon the old house, bidding it from top to bottom. When the combat was over, the old woman was found quite dead, and dead woman mutilated